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# The North Carolina Booklet



GREAT EVENTS  
IN  
NORTH CAROLINA  
HISTORY



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## SOME BALLADS OF NORTH CAROLINA

BY PROFESSOR JOHN A. LOMAX,

( SECRETARY UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION.)

During a ballad-collecting experience of a number of years, it has come about that no few have fallen into my hands from North Carolina, in my belief one of the richest localities in ballad material of any section of the United States. A small number of these ballads I am printing at the earnest solicitation of the editor of this journal, in the hope that the article will awaken the interest of others in preserving for posterity the floating folk songs that abound in some districts of North Carolina.

I should say in the beginning that no collector in the field of balladry should pursue his work on the Carolina coast without first talking with Professor Collier Cobb, of the University of North Carolina, and, if possible, getting a look at his valuable collection. Professor Cobb, although a well-known scientist, has a genuine interest in ballad material that he imbibed from the greatest of the balladists, perhaps, in the entire history of letters, Professor Child, of Harvard University. As a student of Professor Child, Professor Cobb learned to love the native song of the out-of-doors people, while he was at the same time being wedded to the field of geology through the teaching of the great Southern educator, long eminent at Harvard University—Professor N. S. Shaler. To Professor Cobb, therefore, I must make due apology for presuming to invade a field already possessed so thoroughly by him.

The songs I am printing, however, may, in time, lead many people to confide their treasures into the competent hands of Professor Cobb or of other collectors, and therefore be of

direct benefit to ballad collecting throughout America. In addition to Professor Cobb, there are other persons in North Carolina who have done good work in this field. Among them is Miss Adelaide Fries, of Winston-Salem. Miss Fries has made an interesting collection of Moravian songs, which, I am told, are all religious in tone and of German origin. Mr. Cobb's collection consists chiefly of songs that he has picked up along the coast. Indeed, these are probably the most interesting of all the North Carolina ballads. Through Miss S. O'H. Dickson, of Winston-Salem, has come information of mountain corn-husking songs, similar in spirit to the negro corn-husking songs; and also mention of the negro tobacco stripping songs. Unfortunately, I have not been able to secure examples of either of these classes.

The material that has been sent to me from other sources in North Carolina may be grouped somewhat as follows: First, traditional songs; second, war songs; third, negro songs; fourth, mountain songs; fifth, the coast songs, collected by Professor Collier Cobb. The songs in Professor Cobb's collection are not available for publication, inasmuch as he perhaps will issue them at some time himself. He has, however, consented to furnish the library at Harvard University copies of all of his collection. At Harvard the collection will become available to all students of the ballad.

Before quoting any of the songs, I should like to ask the readers of this article to furnish me with copies of the following songs:

1. "Morgan's War Song."
2. "Run, Nigger, Run."
3. "Sal's in de Garden Siftin' San'."
4. "When Lillington Fought for Caswell's Glory."

I should also appreciate complete copies of what the following seem to be fragments. In some instances the frag-

ment may be the entire song, but I should like any information whatever about any one of the songs. These fragments all came from my North Carolina correspondents.

Cold, frosty morning, nigger mighty good;  
 Axe on his shoulder, gwine to cut some wood.  
 Little piece of corn bread, little piece of fat,  
 And de white folks grumble if you eat much of dat.

\* \* \* \*

Frog he sot and watched the alligator,  
 Hopped on a log and offered him a 'tater;  
 The alligator grinned and tried to blush,  
 Frog he laughed and said, "Oh, hush!"

\* \* \* \*

Sam stuck a needle in his heel, in his heel,  
 Sam stuck a needle in his heel.  
 A one-eyed black snake run thu the fence,  
 What a funny chicken a terrapin air,  
 And Sam stuck a needle in his heel.

\* \* \* \*

Harness up yo hosses,  
 Hey, oh hey!  
 Harness up yo hosses,  
 Hey, oh hey!  
 We'll show you how to drive 'em;  
 Hurrah for Uncle Sam.

\* \* \* \*

I've wondered and wondered  
 All the days of my life,  
 Where you're goin', Mr. Mooney,  
 To get yourself a wife,  
 Where you're goin', where you're goin'  
 To get yourself a wife.

I'm goin' to \_\_\_\_\_,  
 An' that will be the place  
 To get Miss Laura,  
 If God'll give me grace—etc.

Out came Miss Laura  
 All dressed in silk,  
 With a rose in her hair  
 And white as milk—etc.

Johnstown's a mighty flood,  
Johnstown's a mighty flood,  
Johnstown's a mighty flood,  
For the dam was bound to break.

Fifty thousand souls were lost,  
Fifty thousand souls were lost,  
Fifty thousand souls were lost,  
For the dam was bound to break.

\* \* \* \*

There was a lady, skin and bone;  
Such a thing before had ne'er been known.

She walked out one night to pray,  
She walked but a little way.

She walked up, she walked down,  
She saw a ghost lying on the ground.

The lady to the spirit said,  
"Shall I look so when I am dead?"

The spirit to the lady said—!!! Wah! Ah! Eh!

By traditional songs is meant such songs as were familiar to the old generation—songs that were sung by our grandmothers in their childhood and have been handed down from generation to generation chiefly by oral transmission. Good examples of these songs are:

"Suzana, Don't You Cry."  
"Old Dan Tucker."  
"Jim Crack Corn."  
"A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go."

Of these songs I have full copies. The two traditional songs quoted hereafter were perhaps chiefly serviceable for the entertainment of children. The first one, so far as I know, has no title. The second, as I happen to know, was as popular in Massachusetts as it was in early days in North Carolina.

Oh who will wear my castor boots, castor boots,  
Oh who will wear my castor boots?  
Oh who will wear my castor boots, castor boots,  
When I am far away?

Oh who will ride the old black mule, old black mule?  
Oh who will ride the old black mule, old black mule,  
When I am far away?

Oh who will smoke my rusty pipe, rusty pipe,  
Oh who will smoke my rusty pipe, rusty pipe?  
Oh who will smoke my rusty pipe,  
When I am far away?

Oh who will shoe my pretty feet, my pretty little feet,  
Oh who will shoe my pretty little feet, my pretty little feet?  
Oh who will shoe my pretty little feet,  
When I'm in a far away land?

Oh who will glove my pretty little hand? etc.  
Oh I will shoe your pretty little feet, etc.,  
When you're in a far distant land.

Oh I will glove your pretty little hand, etc.,  
When you're in a far distant land.

\* \* \* \*

#### BILLY BOY.

Where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
Where have you been, charming Billy?  
I have been to seek a wife for the comfort of my life;  
She's a young thing and can not leave her mother.

Did she ask you in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Yes, she asked me in with a dimple in her chin.

Did she take your hat, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Yes, she took my hat and she threw it at the cat.

Did she set you a chair, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Yes, she set me a chair, with a ribbon in her hair.

Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy? etc.  
Yes, she can make a cherry pie quick as a cat can wink his eye.

How old is she, Billy Boy? etc.  
Three times seven, twice twenty, and eleven.

Can she make a pudding well, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she make a pudding well, charming Billy?  
She can make a pudding well, I can tell it by the smell,  
She's a young thing and can not leave her mother.

Can she make up a bed neat? etc.  
She can make a bed up neat from the head to the feet, etc.

Another version :

Where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

Where have you been, charming Billy?

Oh, I've been down the lane for to see my Betsey Jane,  
She's a young thing and wants to leave her mammy.

Hold old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? etc.

Three times six, four times seven, twenty-eight and eleven, etc.

How tall is she? etc.

She's as tall as a pine and as straight as a pumpkin vine.

Twice six, twice seven, three times twenty, and eleven.

Naturally, the three American wars produced a considerable amount of popular ballad material. A partial collection has already been made of this material, but many of the most vital and interesting of the songs are still floating among the people, especially the folk who live in the back country and on the frontier. For example, take a single stanza from a Confederate song of the Civil War, which mentions the Louisiana Tigers and the Bucktail Rangers of Pennsylvania, whose name grew out of the bucktails on their caps:

The Louisiana Tigers

They charged with a yell;

They charged the Bucktail Rangers,

Damn their souls to hell.

Another popular Confederate song was an adaptation of "Wait for the Wagon," the chorus of which ran :

Wait for the wagon,

The Confederate wagon;

O wait for the wagon,

And we'll all take a ride.

Other similar parodies, more completely worked out, for which single stanzas will serve for illustrative purposes, are :

Yankee Doodle had a mind

To whip the Southern traitors,

Because they didn't choose to live

On codfish and pertaters.

Yankee Doodle, fa so la,  
 Yankee Doodle Dandy;  
 And to keep his courage up  
 He took a drink of brandy.

\*       \*       \*       \*

King Abraham is very weak,  
 Old Scott has got the measles;  
 Manassas is now off at last,  
 Pop go the weasels.

I came from old Manassas  
 With a pocketful of fun;  
 I killed forty Yankees  
 With a single-barrel gun.

It don't make a nif-o-sniference  
 To either you or I,  
 Big Yank, little Yank,  
 All run or die.

The two parodies are taken from a book of Southern war songs published by M. T. Richardson & Co. in 1890. There are, of course, many similar ones written from the point of view of the North, all of which should now be given wide publication as interesting human mementoes of those troublous days.

The negro songs that have come to me from North Carolina are mainly religious. A number of interesting fragments of secular songs were, however, given to my wife by Mr. Fred A. Olds of Raleigh, N. C. These fragments are fairly illustrative.

Turkey buzzard, turkey buzzard,  
 Take me on your wing;  
 Carry me cross de ribber  
 To see Sally King.

Buzzard no answer,  
 Keep on flyin';  
 Sally, she's a-waitin',  
 Fairly dyin'.

I'll never marry an old maid,  
 Tell you de reason why:  
 Neck so long and stringy  
 'Fraid she'll never die.  
 Git along home, Cindy, Cindy,  
 Git along my Cindy gal,  
 Way down in Yallerbam.

I'll never marry a po' gal,  
 Tell you de reason why:  
 She'll eat up all yo' rations,  
 An' fool you on de sly.  
 Git along, etc.

\* \* \* \*

I don't like a nigger no how,  
 I don't like a nigger no how;  
 A nigger and a mule  
 Is a mighty big fool—  
 Don't like a nigger no how.

I don't like a po' white man no how,  
 I don't like a po' white man no how;  
 Put him on a hoss,  
 Thinks he's a boss—  
 Don't like a po' white man no how.

\* \* \* \*

Hush, you sinner,  
 Don't you cry,  
 Devil's gwine ter git you  
 By and by.

You needn't shout,  
 You needn't laugh,  
 For you is only  
 Just de chaff—  
 For a few days.

Of the same nature is a small fragment sent in by Miss Dickson, of Winston-Salem. This, she says, was a favorite of Charleston, South Carolina, darkies before the war, and was current in other localities:

I gone down town wid my pocket full o' tin,  
 Dooda! dooda!  
 I come back home wid my hat cave in,  
 Dooda, dooda, day!

I boun' ter run all night, an' I boun' ter run all day,  
 I bet my money on de bob-tail hoss,  
 Dooda, doodaa, day!

Still another, which was sung to my wife by a cook in Raleigh, is described by the negro woman as "awful pitiful."

Poor Joseph been sick pinin' for you,  
 Dear father, dear father, come home;  
 This is the message I heard him say—  
 Come home, the work is all done.

*Refrain:*

Come home, come home,  
 Dear father, dear father, come home,  
 This is the message I heard him say—  
 Come home, the work is all done.

My mother is too,  
 Dear father, dear father, won't that do?  
 My mother is sick and wantin' you too—  
 Dear father, dear father, come home.

Mother said her love was true,  
 O father, O father, won't that do?  
 Mother said her love was just as true—  
 O father, won't that do?

It is difficult to choose among the large body of religious songs known by the oldtime darkies of North Carolina. Miss Dickson says, in a letter enclosing several, some of which I quote later: "The songs enclosed are those I can fully recall. They are some of those sung by the members of my father's two negro congregations in Orangeburg and Barnwell. They are so entirely different from those sung elsewhere that I can not help thinking that there was some unknown minstrel who sung and whose songs spread among them."

1. Oh, come home, come home, come home, my Fader's children;  
 Come home, come home, an' He ain't got weary yet.

*Refrain:*

Oh, He call you by de lightnin',  
 An' He call you by de t'under,  
 An' He call you by de middle night cry.  
 Oh, come home, etc.

2. Oh, come home, come home, come home to my Fader's kingdom, etc.
3. Oh, come home, come home, come home to de cross of Jesus.
4. Oh, come home, come home, come home to de Saviour's bosom.

\* \* \* \*

*Refrain:*

PATIENCE.

It's good fuh to hab some patience, patience, patience,  
It's good fuh to hab some patience fuh to wait upon de Lawd.

My brudder, won't you come and go wid me,  
My brudder, won't you come and go wid me,  
Fuh to wait upon de Lawd?

*Refrain:*

It's good to hab some patience, etc.

My sister, won't you come and go wid me? etc.  
My fader, won't you come and go wid me? etc.  
My muddah, won't you come and go wid me? etc.

(*Last verse*):

De ship is in de ha'bor, ha'bor, ha'bor,  
De ship is in de ha'bor, ha'bor, ha'bor,  
An I'se a-gwine home.

\* \* \* \*

O section, don't ring that bell no mo' [to be sung three times].  
In that mornin', my Lord, in that mornin', my Lord,  
In that mornin' when the Lord says hurry.

2. O Lord, I'se done what you tolle me to do, etc.
3. O Raphael, don't stop that shinin' sun, etc.
4. O Gambler, you can't ride this train, etc.
5. O Gambler, no money won't pay your fare, etc.
6. O Micah goin' strike dat 'vidin' line, etc.
7. O Liar, you can't ride this train, etc.
8. O Lord, I feel like a motherless child, etc.
9. O Lord, I wish I never been born, etc.
10. O Drinker, you can't ride this train, etc.

Another fragment:

O my Lord, you promised to come by here [three times],  
In de mornin' when de Lord says hurry.

O my Lord, I want to be yo' chile [three times],  
In de mornin' when de Lord says hurry.

When de sun fail to shine [three times]  
I'll go to God a-shoutin'.

*Refrain:*

You may have all dis worl' [three times],  
But glory be to God.

When de moon turn to blood [three times]  
I'll go to God a-shoutin'.

\* \* \* \*

Lord's goin' set dis worl' on fire,  
Lord's goin' set dis worl' on fire some o' dese days,  
Lord's goin' set dis worl' on fire,  
Lord's goin' set dis worl' on fire some o' dese days.

Lord don't want no coward soldiers,  
Lord don't want no coward soldiers in His band,  
Lord don't want no coward soldiers,  
Lord don't want no coward soldiers in His band.

God's goin' ride on whistlin' chariot [*repeat as first verse*].

I'm goin' tell my Jesus howdy.  
I'm goin' kneel roun' de union table.  
I'm goin' walk an' talk wid angels.  
I'm goin' ride on de whistlin' chariot.  
We're all goin' kneel 'roun' de union table.  
We'll all be asleep, yes Lord, in glory.  
We all shall bow our heads in glory.  
We all goin' drink wine, drink wine in glory.

Precisely similar in spirit and imagery are the religious songs yet popular among the darkies of the Brazos River bottom cotton plantations of Texas. One of the most moving of a large number of these songs in my possession, I heard sung not long ago with powerful effect by a negro congregation hid among the trees, just on the edge of one of the big fields of cotton in Brazos County, Texas.

I got a mother in de Beulah Land,  
Outshine the sun, outshine the sun, outshine the sun;  
I got a mother in de Beulah Land,  
Outshine the sun, far beyond the sun.

Do Lord, do Lord,  
Do remember me;  
Do Lord, do Lord,  
Do remember me;  
Do Lord, do Lord,  
Do remember me, do remember me.

When my blood run chilly and cold  
I got to go, I got to go, I got to go;  
When my blood run chilly and cold  
I got to go, way beyond the sun.—*Chorus.*

Right under de cross, dere lies your crown,  
Dere lies your crown, dere lies your crown;  
Right under de cross, dere lies your crown,  
Way beyond de sun.—*Chorus.*

The melody, the pathos, the vivid phrasing, and the touching faith of these old songs will finally win a place for them, in my judgment, in the future history of American literature.

The most valuable of the mountain songs from North Carolina are probably those that have come from Miss Edith B. Fisk, of White Rock, North Carolina. Many of these are survivors of the old English and Scottish ballads yet held in cherished possession by the direct lineal descendants of the men and women who chanted the ballads in the old country centuries ago. Such ballads as "Fair Eleanor," "Lord Thomas," "Sweet Margaret," and "Barbara Allen," are widely known and yet sung to the old tunes by the modern people. Other songs popular among them are local songs of historic interest, or local songs recounting late events, usually tragedy. Moreover, among the mountains are found many of the frontier ballads of America that have drifted back east. Such songs as "The Buffalo Skinners," "The Cowboy's Lament," and "The Dying Cowboy," picked up in Texas, and printed in my volume of *Cowboy Songs*, are often found among the mountaineers in the Asheville district. Miss Fisk, in writing of an old woman from whom she secured numerous songs, says: "She says she has always known them. When

she was a girl that ‘is all they studied about,’ and if she heard a song once she knew it. There was an old man who used to sing many a song when he ‘got drunk,’ and all gathered about him eagerly. She assured me that she knows ‘one hundred love songs,’ and ‘one hundred songs of devilment.’ She gave me *Brothers and Sisters* and *Pretty Sarah*, playing and singing them for me.”

From this “old woman” Miss Fisk copied the following interesting songs of the Civil War:

It was our hard general’s false treachery  
Which caused our destruction in that great day.  
Oh, he is a traitor, his conduct does show;  
He was seen in the French fort six hours ago.

And to be marked by the French, I am sure,  
There round his hat, a white handkerchief he wore;  
And one of our bold soldiers he stood by a tree,  
And there he slew many till him he did see.

“Would you be like an Indian, to stand by a tree?”  
And with his broad sword, cut him down instantly.  
His brother stood by him, and saw he was slain,  
His passion grew on him, he could not refrain.

“Although you’re a general, brave Braddock,” said he,  
“Revenged for the death of my brother I’ll be.”  
When Washington saw that, he quickly drew nigh,  
Said, “Oh, my bold soldier, I’d have you forbear.”

“No, I will take his life, if it ruins us all.”  
And Washington turned round to not see him fall.  
He up with his musket, and there shot him down.  
Then Braddock replied, “I received a wound.”

“If here in this place, my life I should yield,  
Pray carry your general, boys, out of the field.”

Then General Gatefore, he took the command,  
And fought like a hero for old Eng-e-land.  
He fled through the ranks, like a cat to her game,  
But alas, and alack, he was short-i-ly slain.

Then General Gates, he took the command,  
And fought like a hero for old Eng-e-land.  
He wished that the river had never been crossed  
And so many Englishmen shamefully lost.

We had for to cross, it was at the very last,  
And crossing over the river they killed us so fast.  
Men fell in the river till they stopped up the flood,  
And the streams of that river ran down red with blood.

\* \* \* \*

Brave Washington he led the way to victory and renown,  
Planted the tree of liberty Great Britain can't pull down.  
The roots they spread from shore to shore,

The branches reach the sky;  
The cause of freedom we adore,  
We'll conquer, boys, or die.

Brave Tennessee has sent a band  
To fight at New Orleans;  
With British blood we'll wash the land,  
The Tories cord the sea.

And with a shout our eagle roared,  
And fluttered as she flew;  
Her arms are like a lion grown,  
Her arms are ever true.

There's Iowa and Kentucky,  
New knights with heart and hand;  
There's several, too, the North we'll fight,  
Our Union to defend.

“Pretty Sarah” and “Owen’s Confession” are fairly illustrative of the songs of local origin.

When I came to this country, in 1829,  
I saw many loyvers, but I didn’t see mine.

I looked all around me and saw I was alone,  
And me a poor stranger, a long way from home.

It's not this long journey I'm dreading to go,  
Nor leaving my country, nor the debts that I owe.

There's nothing to pester, nor trouble my mind,  
Like leaving pretty Sarah, my darling, behind.

My love, she won't have me, as I do understand,  
She wants a freeholder, and I have no land.

But I can maintain her with silver and gold,  
And it's many pretty fine things my love's house can hold.

I wish I was a poet, and could write a fine hand,  
I'd write my love a letter that she could understand.  
I'd send it by the waters when the water overflows,  
I think of pretty Sarah wherever she goes.

I wish I was a dove, and had wings and could fly,  
About my love's dwelling this night I'd draw nigh.  
And in her lily white arms all night I would lay,  
And watch some little window for the dawning of day.

As pretty Sarah, pretty Sarah, pretty Sarah, I know,  
How much I love you, I never can show.  
At the foot of old Coey, on the mountain's sad brow,  
I used to love you dearly—and I don't hate you now.

\* \* \* \*

#### OWEN'S CONFESSION.

Come, all ye good people, far and near,  
That has come here this day to see my body put to death—  
Oh, for my soul do pray!

I would have you take warning from what you now do see;  
I pray you trust in honesty, and shun bad company.

December past, in ninety-eight, as you may understand,  
That was the time we set out upon this cruel plan.

Lewis Collins was a man that enticed me to go,  
To my eternal ruin, to my reproaching woe.

It was our intention, a fortune for to make,  
Though, poor and happy men, we were met with a mistake.

I went so far against the will of my poor wife so dear,  
The night before I left her my shirt she bathed in tears.

Then down to Mr. Irlen's, Ohe therefore I was bent;  
To do any murder it was not my intent,  
Though, making for his money, he made toward his gun—  
And to save my own life, Ohe then I shot him down.

And to get his money we quickly did prepare,  
As it was well ordered, we got but little there.

It being the first crime of the sort that ever I had done,  
My guilty conscience checked me so that from the house I run.

Then to quit my company, Ohe therefore I was bent,  
To go to Wilkes among my friends, for that was my intent.

But, ohe, his sad deluding he prest on me so hard,  
“As for the crime that we have done, why should you it regard?”

By his insinuation some comfort I did take,  
And freely went along with him to my unhappy fate.

The poor and unhappy rich I was to go on such a cause,  
And now I am condemned to die by justice and by law.

I hear the carriage coming my body for to bear  
To the place of execution, death to encounter there.

So fare you well, my loving wife, likewise my children dear,  
William Owen is my name, all ye that want to hear.

Farewell to sun, moon, stars, all things that in them be,  
Farewell to earth with all her fruits—I have no need for thee.

Come, sweet Lord, I humbly pray, and wash me in Thy blood,  
And in Thy praise continually my tongue shall sound aloud.

The limits of this article forbid a detailed discussion of any of the songs, and I submit as the concluding one a song sung to my wife by Mrs. Davis of Britton's Cove:

There was a Romish lady brought up in Popery;  
Her mother always taught her the priest she must obey.  
“O pardon me, dear mother, I humbly pray thee now,  
For unto these false idols I can no longer bow.”

Assisted by her handmaid, a Bible she concealed,  
And then she gained instruction till God His love revealed.  
No more she prostrates herself to pictures decked with gold,  
But soon she was betrayed, and her Bible from her stole.

“I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God unseen,  
I'll live by faith forever—the works of men are vain.  
I can not worship angels nor pictures made by men;  
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon if you can.”

With grief and great vexation, her mother straight did go  
To inform the Roman clergy the cause of all her woe.

The priests were soon assembled and for the maid did call,  
And forced her in the dungeon to fright her soul withal.

The more they strove to fright her, the more she did endure;  
Although her age was tender, her faith was strong and sure.  
The chains of gold so costly they from this lady took,  
And she, with all her spirits, the pride of life forsook.

Before the Pope they brought her in hopes of her return,  
And then she was condemned in horrid flames to burn.  
Before the place of torment they brought her speedily;  
With lifted hands to heaven she then agreed to die.

There being many ladies assembled at the place,  
She raised her eyes to heaven and begged supplying grace.  
“Weep not, ye tender ladies, shed not a tear for me,  
While my poor body’s burning, my soul the Lord shall see.

“Yourselves ye need to pity, and Zion’s deep decay,  
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make delay.”  
In comes her raving mother, her daughter to behold,  
And in her hand she brought her pictures all decked with gold.

“O take from me these idols, remove them from my sight,  
Restore to me my Bible wherein I take delight.  
Alas, my aged mother! Why on my ruin bent?  
’Twas you who did betray me, but I am innocent.

“Tormentors, use your pleasure, and do as you think best,  
I hope my blessed Jesus will take my soul to rest.”  
Soon as these words were spoken, up steps the man of death,  
And kindled up the fire to stop her mortal breath.

Instead of golden bracelets, with chains they bound her fast.  
She cried, “My God, give power—now must I die at last?  
With Jesus and His angels forever I shall dwell;  
God, pardon priests and people, and so I bid farewell.”

North Carolina collectors, who value this material properly, will see to it, I feel sure, that not many years elapse before all this interesting material is taken down and deposited in the libraries of the universities, where, in after years, it will be invaluable to students of humanity. These songs, coming straight from the heart of the folk, simple and direct, reflecting the social and intimate emotional life of the people, will eventually become priceless historical documents.

## A PAINTING OF THE BAPTISM OF VIRGINIA DARE

At the annual meeting of the North Carolina Society Daughters of the Revolution, held in Raleigh at the home of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Paul H. Lee, in January, 1911, a most important resolution, and one that should arouse the interest of all patriotic North Carolinians, was introduced by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, who was the guest of honor on that occasion.

This resolution was to raise funds sufficient to place in the Nation's Capitol at Washington a painting of the baptism of the first white child born on American soil, the best known of all children whose names are recorded in the annals of American history—the ill-fated Virginia Dare. It is needless to state that the North Carolina Society, Daughters of the Revolution, which is ever keenly alive to the necessity of guarding and preserving our State's noble past, unanimously adopted this resolution.

Below is given the resolve in full:

### FOREWORD.

Among all the incidents of the early history of this nation, no one thing should stand out in bolder relief, more pathetic, or more significant of mighty and holy purpose than the baptism of Virginia Dare, which took place on Roanoke Island, on the shores of North Carolina, August 18, 1587.

WHEREAS, In consideration of this great historic event which took place within the limits of North Carolina, and as no great public recognition has yet been made to bring before the world the great intention of our great colonizer, Sir Walter Raleigh, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That as this, the "North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution," which has for its object the perpetuating and commemorating great events in North Carolina history, take steps to have a painting executed of such merit as to entitle it to a place among the other notable paintings depicting great scenes in the history of this nation, which now adorn the Capitol at Washington.

*Second*, That this Society raise sufficient funds for the picture, through

